M. N. W.

SONGS SET TO MUSIC

SONGS

Set to Music

By

MABEL NIGHTINGALE WOODWARD

Printed for private circulation
among her friends

WITH MEMOIR BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

BIRMINGHAM
PRESS OF THE BIRMINGHAM PRINTERS, LTD.
42-44, HILL STREET
1912

PREFACE

IN preparing this private memorial edition of the music of our friend, we are greatly indebted to those authors of the poems which she set to music who have waived their copyright and permitted us the use of their words. The music itself has been copied from the best available sources by her intimate friend and helper, Miss Elsie Ball; whose task has been one of some difficulty, owing in some cases to the various versions which existed, and in others to the absence of any version at all. Miss Woodward's singing was all done in the most natural manner possible, at the piano, without anything written;—her memory for songs being extraordinary; and when she scribbled down her own compositions, as she did sometimes for one or two friends, she seldom wrote them in exactly the same way—at least there were often little variations. From these selection has had to be made.

For six of the songs no music has been found. The airs are easily recaptured, and, with the aid of Miss Sylvia Thompson and Miss Dorothy Moggridge, it has not been difficult in most cases to recover Miss Woodward's accompaniments, but the piano parts which have been written for *Last June* and *Snowdrops* are confessedly

meagre, and it is thought better to leave them so, instead of writing something more elaborate which would not have been hers. We do not recollect that she sang the middle stanza of the song which we called *The Day* (*Last June*).

In another instance, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, we have replaced the original words of Marlowe, instead of those which she used to sing. Those appear to have been taken from a later published volume called *The Passionate Pilgrim*, being there apparently attributed to Shakespeare. We think she would have preferred the original version of this famous song had she known the facts.

We have of course been anxious not to include any music other than that which she composed, but it is not always easy to be quite sure which was hers and which not; partly because she seldom spoke on that subject, and partly because she remembered music so easily that she occasionally was not quite sure herself. We have done our best in this matter, and hope we have not made any mistake.

There are several songs by other composers which her friends closely associate with her, because she often sang them. She often, for instance, sang another setting, by Frank Lambert, of *The Night has a thousand eyes*. Also such great and well-known songs as *Who is Sylvia?* by Shakespeare; *Drink to me only with thine Eyes*, by Ben Jonson; *My Lady Green-sleeves; The Four Maries; The Lamb*, by Blake; *My love is like a red red rose*, by Burns; and innumerable children's songs.

MEMOIR

MABEL NIGHTINGALE WOODWARD was born on the 23rd of November, 1876, and christened with the family name made famous by Florence Nightingale, of whom she was a distant cousin.

For the greater part of her life she taught at a Preparatory or Kindergarten School for young children, in combination with a Training College for home and family life, established by Miss Bishop and Miss Last in the Harborne Road, Edgbaston. She took charge of the youngest children, and taught vocal music throughout the school.

She became known to my wife and myself while we were still at Liverpool, through the daughter of a friend and neighbour of ours, Miss Sylvia Thompson, who had gone to this Edgbaston school for general training in domestic usefulness. She became a close friend of Mabel Woodward, invited her on a visit to her Liverpool home, and introduced her to our family.

Later, after we had migrated to Birmingham, our younger children came under her influence at the school, to their lasting good ; and she frequently dropped in to see us, sometimes invited, sometimes

not. She would sit down at the piano and would play and sing, in the gathering dusk, songs of which many, so I gradually learned, were her own composition.

Her instinct for the right kind of children's songs, or indeed for songs of moving character not necessarily children's, was keen and sure; and such of them as we have been able to collect, through the activity of friends of hers, are here reproduced in her memory.

Children loved her as she loved them, and I well remember how while she was singing sometimes little ones would creep out of bed and downstairs in their dressing gowns, and group themselves quietly in the room to listen; and how one of them, at that time the most sensitive, would be found afterwards weeping silently in my arms for joy of the music. Many homes in Edgbaston must have a tale not dissimilar to tell.

When any special visitors were staying with us we used to ask Mabel to come and sing to them, and it was delightful to see the quick and sympathetic insight which enabled her to give and receive instant confidence from nearly all of them. Strangers, in the technical sense, did not seem to exist for her; except among people who are naturally unsympathetic, and these were singularly few.

In and out she came, as the fancy moved her or leisure permitted, walking in unannounced like another daughter, and disturbing nothing. She had an intuitive understanding which was nothing less than genius. Often have I asked her help and criticism over something that I was writing, and the security of her touch on weak points was marvellous, even in things that normally one would have said she could not be expected to understand.

Genius she undoubtedly had, the genius of quick human sympathy and understanding. Certainly I never knew her equal for vivid comprehension of the realities of life, from a point of view more nearly akin to the divine than the average human being can rise to.

One summer fortnight I spent largely in her company, when she was a guest of Professor and Mrs. Muirhead in Swiss hotels on the heights above the Rhone Valley near Sierre, at Chandolin and St Luc. I am thankful that the memory of that Swiss expedition, and of the journey thither, remained a fragrant and welcome memory to the end of her life.

She became Head of the Children's School when its foundresses had retired; but now the labour of accounts and management, at which she worked conscientiously with the help of a faithful and affectionate housekeeper, seemed to some of us too much for her frail constitution. Before long she fell seriously ill, and had to be nursed. Nursed she was, with assiduous care, by Mrs. Muirhead, the most loving and devoted of all her friends, who presently took her to Ventnor, and there, hoping against hope, strove hard for her recovery. But, contrary to medical expectation, the end came with surprising quickness; and, before her family could be informed of grave danger, the crisis arrived and she passed away. This was on the 26th of April, 1911. Her frail young body, too slight a covering for its dominating spirit, is laid in the earth on the Ventnor cliffs overlooking the English Channel, and this most true inscription from a poem by E. B. Browning has been, or will be, carved upon her tomb.

> "She never found fault with you, never implied
> Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
> Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
> The children were gladder that pulled at her gown."

Love was her portion—the breath of her life—and when she passed away there were many who felt strangely bereaved, as if a radiant presence had withdrawn from the earth.

Some verses, found in her handwriting among her papers, are printed as a prelude to the songs; they are from Browning's *La Saisiaz*, a poem which I remember she had urged me to read.

Browning always seemed specially to appeal to her; indeed, Pippa was the name by which she was sometimes spoken of among her friends.

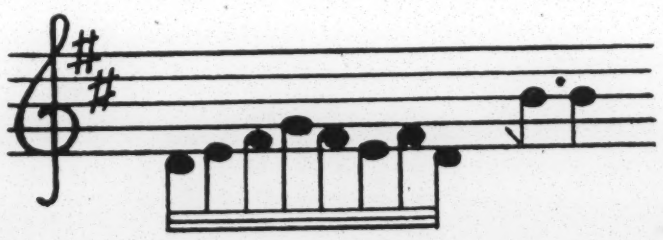
It may be permissible to quote an extract from a letter of hers which my wife preserved as illustrating one of her moods and phases of thought. She describes herself as sitting looking out of an open window on a spring evening watching the blackbirds, "the whole evening listening to them," and her own thoughts turning to the "God in Life":—

"The animals obey their life-laws so easily and frankly, and without thought apparently, while we, with our Creator's supreme knowledge of good and evil only *reflected* in us, try to govern our three-fold notion of Creature, Citizen, and Deity. The second attribute with its attendant laws welds the first and last together for ordinary folk on this planet—(I suppose there will be a new citizenship hereafter?) Rossetti is God and Creature made one by Art—Tennyson is God and *Citizen* and Creature made one by Art—Rossetti, Swinburne, Shelley, Burns, Schubert, Heine were never '*caught in*' enough to be citizens; they break themselves in trying to make Earth-life a God-life. There is a certain pitilessness about them—perhaps their nearness to the Divine makes them so, for surely omnipotence must be without pity as it sees the whole order of all things. Pity belongs to Earth life (citizenship). Love is *not* pity, though it may be akin to it."

And the following, written on a Good Friday, in a year when I was on a visit to "Clouds," in Wiltshire:—

"I wonder if you will go to Salisbury Cathedral for the Easter Sunday Service. I rather guess that you are miles away. If you drive—don't let them drive up to the Minster or you will miss the joy of a gradual approach to a beautiful building. I have never seen Salisbury, but pictures of it often. Of course you have seen it often. Just now it must look lovely with its thousandth spring breaking

round it, and the inevitable slow-running river, once the fishing-ground of monks, and now——well I hope they keep it clean! The music should be good, especially on Easter Sunday. That reminds me of something I meant to talk about—Bach. A. is a great Bach player; she does not often play it happily, because people so often think it dull. I think her accurate clean unemotional playing is just right for Bach, though not right for all music. Bach's music is like the kind of literature of which *Everyman* is a type. Everything is suppressed, it contains all the passion and joy and tragedy of Life, it expresses a sort of cosmic consciousness, but everything is held back. I don't know why he held it all back, I suppose he could not have written in any other form—or perhaps dared not—but he became overwhelmed with the inrush of the universal heart pulsating behind his austere form. Some of his most beautiful things are the quite short things—sarabands, gavottes, and such like. Then of the immortal forty-eight preludes and fugues, the one I do love is one in, I think, D Major, but it may be G.



"That is not all the first phrase or subject, and that may be all wrong; it is years since I saw the music. No music excites me so much as Bach; no music brings me so near to that feeling of oneness with things. I do not enjoy Bach in a concert-room any more than I enjoyed *Everyman* in the big hall of the Midland Institute. Beethoven expresses the One through its variousness of aspect—Bach through its inevitable oneness.

"I wonder if this is very incoherent?

"Oh, one thing more. Grieg's *Holberg Suite* is a modern tribute to the old counterpoint style—it is very splendid, I think,

and though he has the form very cleverly, it is interesting to see how the modern power of expressing differentiated soul comes out in spite of himself. If you ever get the chance—ask someone to play you the *Scarlatti Suite in D Major* (almost like Bach) and then the *Holberg Suite* of Grieg's. Perhaps you would get a little tired of the whole *Scarlatti Suite*, but I think not.

"Forgive all that about music—I did not think I wanted to say so much. . . Perhaps in the next world I may have long hours of study and a piano. . . ."

Contents

			Page
Preface			v.
Memoir			vii.
	SONGS	AUTHORS	
Children's Songs	Sleepy Song	Josephine Daskam	2
	The Wind	R. L. Stevenson	4
	The Lamplighter	"	6
	Schlummerlied	Old German	7
	The Rabbits	Anonymous	8
	Snowdrops	Annie Matheson	10
	Child's Morning Song	Anonymous	13
	My Heart's in the Highlands	Robert Burns	14
To Blossoms		Robert Herrick	16
Daffadils		"	19
Gather ye Rosebuds		"	22
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love		Christopher Marlowe	24
O Mistress Mine		Shakespeare	26
Embroidery Song		William Morris	27
Birds		Moira O'Neill	28
A Broken Song		"	30
Summer		Christina Rossetti	33
Achray (I Mind the Day)		Moira O'Neill	36
Dirge		Christina Rossetti	38
Requiescat		Matthew Arnold	41
Life's Epitome		Du Maurier	45
Song from "A Shropshire Lad"		A. E. Housman	46

SONGS	AUTHORS	Page
Two Songs from Masque "Beauty and the Beast"	A. M. Buckton	50
Tulip Flames	„	52
Alas, how easily things go wrong!	George MacDonald	53
We grown old	Theodosia Garrison	56
Carpe Diem	Oliver W. F. Lodge	58
Last June (The Day)	Eleanor Esher	59
The Last Hope	Rose Sidgwick	60
The West Wind	M.N.W.	62
The Night has a Thousand Eyes	F. W. Bourdillon	64
Vespers (The Blackbird)	T. E. Brown	66
Growing, growing, growing	Edith Moggridge	68
Rondeau	„	70
In Memoriam		73

The portrait is from a photograph taken by Mr. Harold Baker.

Good to forgive;
Best to forget!
Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.
Fretless and free,
Soul, clap thy pinion!
Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee!

Wander at will,
Day after day—
Wander away,
Wandering still—
Soul that canst soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.

Waft of soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and Love,
Sky-blue and Spring!
Body hides— where?
Ferns of all feather;
Mosses and heather;
Yours be the care.

Browning.

A Sleepy Song.

Words by Josephine Daskam.

Andante.

Voice

Piano

pp

As soon as the fire burns
And one . . slips ov-er; and

red . . and low, And the house up- stairs . . is still, She
one . . comes next, And . . one runs af- ter be- hind; The

sings me a queer lit- tle sleep - - y song Of the
grey . . one's nose at the white . . one's tail, The . .

pp

sheep that go o - ver the hill. The good lit-tle sheep run
top of the hill.. they find, And o - ver they go, and

pp

quick.. and soft, Their co- lours are grey - - and
o - ver they go, The good lit - tle grey lit - tle

p pp

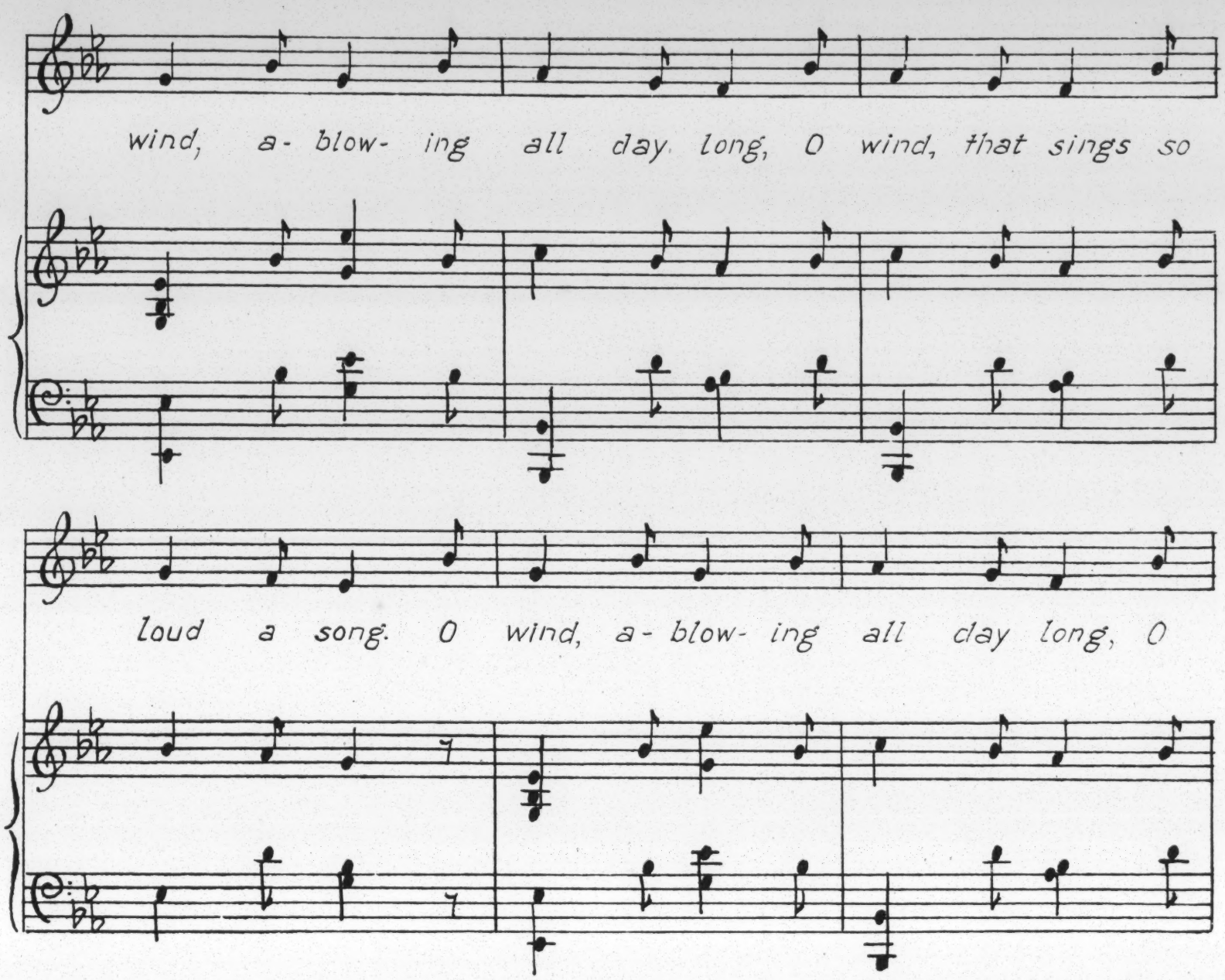
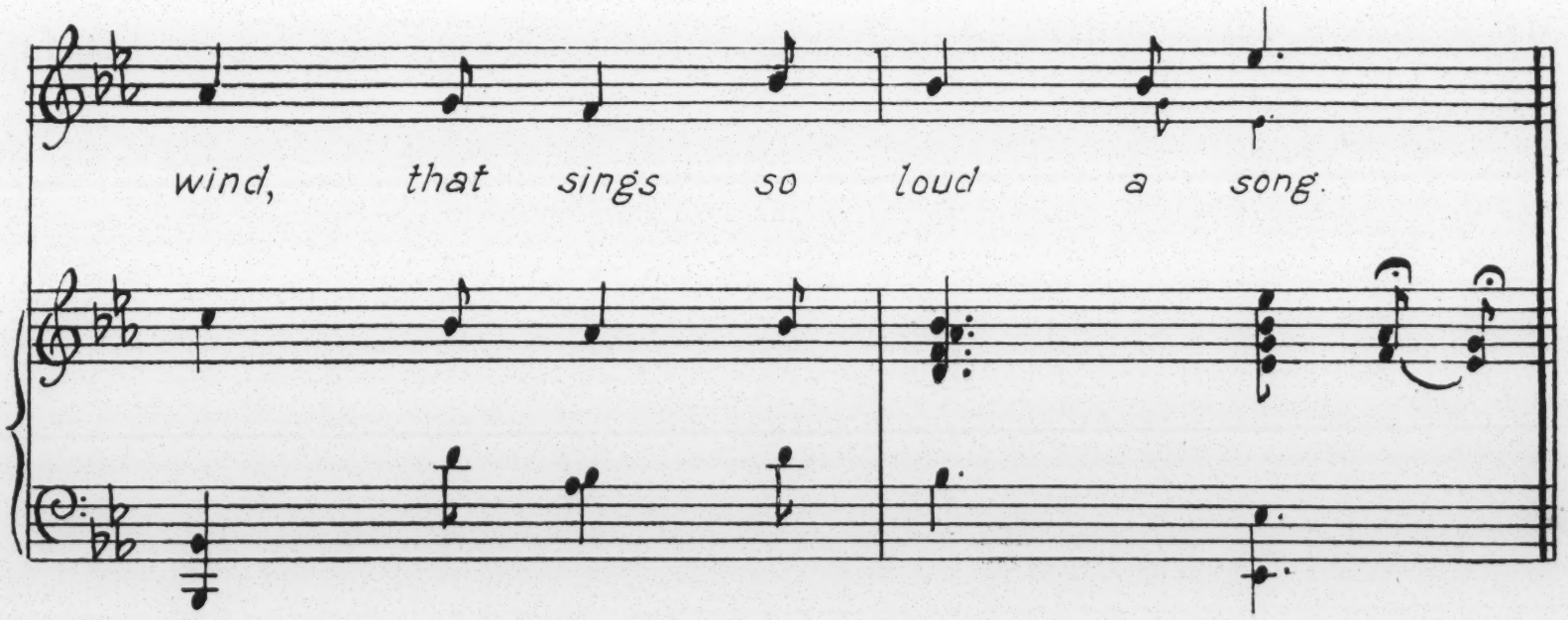
white; They fol- low their lea - der nose.. to tail, For they
sheep. I watch how the fire burns red.. and low, And she

p pp

must .. be home by night.
says that I fall a - sleep.

The Wind.

Words by R. L. Stevenson.

I saw you toss the kites on high, And blow the birds a- bout the sky; And all a- round I heard you pass, Like la- dies' skirts a- cross the grass— O

I saw the different things you did
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call
I could not see yourself at all.-
O wind, a-blowing all day long
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

The Lamplighter.

(*Accompaniment sketched in from memory only).

Words by R. L. Stevenson.

My tea is near-ly ready and the sun has left the sky, It's
Now Tom would be a dri-ver and Ma-ri-a go to sea, And
For we are ve-ry luck-y, with a lamp be-fore the door; And

time to take the win-dow to see Lee-rie pass-ing by: For
my pa-pa's a bank-er and as rich as he can be: But
Lee-rie stops to light it as he lights so ma-ny more, And

ev'-ry night at tea-time and be-fore you take your seat With
I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do- O
O! be-fore you hur-ry by with lad-der and with light, O

lan-tern and with lad-der he comes post-ing up the street.
Lee-rie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!
Lee-rie, see a lit-tle child and nod to him to-night!

* M.N.W's lamplighter, when she was a child, had a wooden leg.

Schlummerlied.

Lento.

pp

Schlaf' Schlaf' mein Kind- lein

pp

Con ped.

cresc:

Schlaf' mein Klei- nes Enge- lein, Beisst Dich sonst das

cresc:

p

E- se- lein, Stösst dich auch das Öch- se- lein.

p

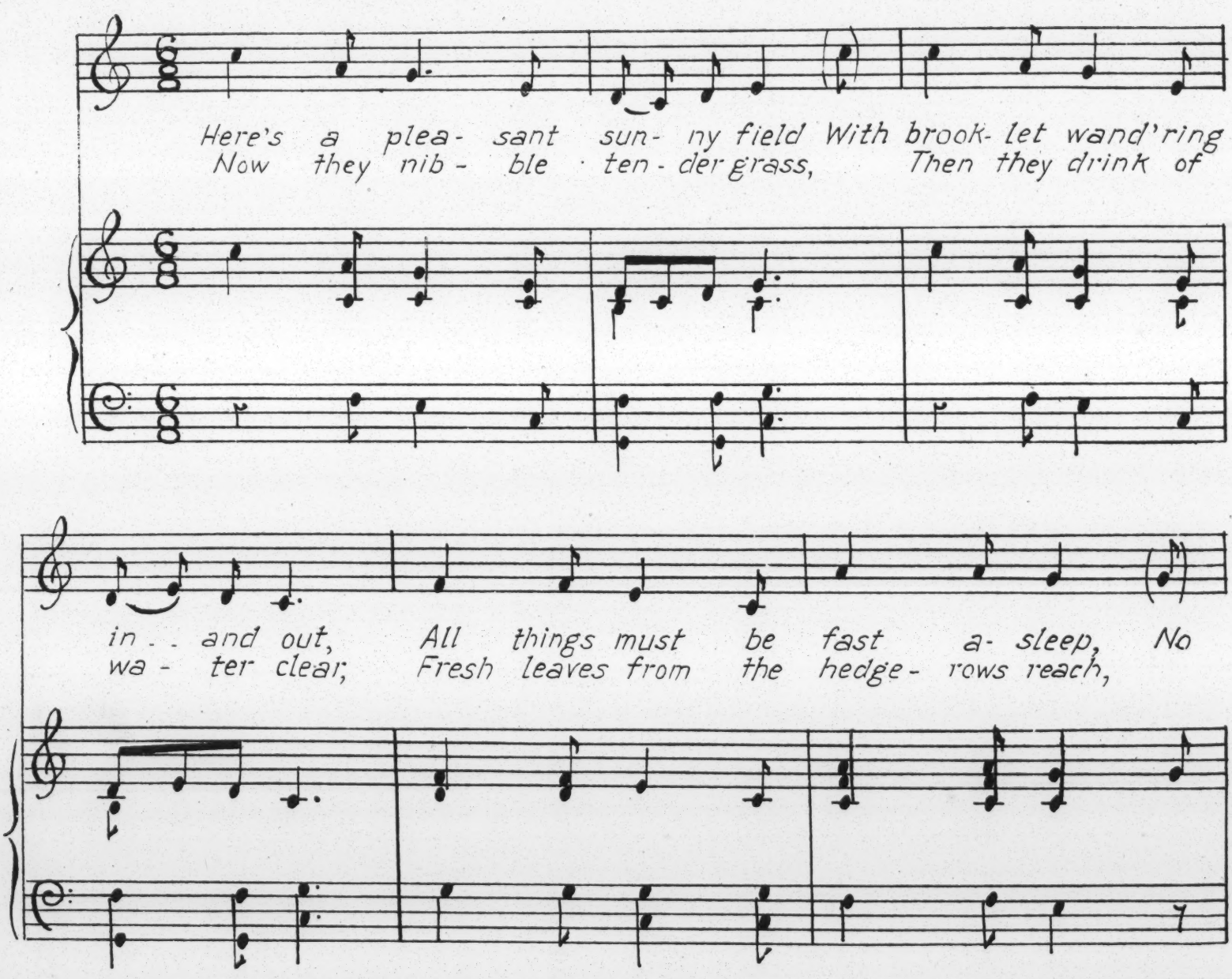
pp

Schlaf' Kind- lein, Schlaf' Kind- lein Schlaf' . . . . . .

p

rit:

The Rabbits.

(A Game).

Here's a plea- sant sun- ny field With brook- let wand'ring
Now they nib - ble ten - der grass, Then they drink of
in . . and out, All things must be fast a- sleep, No
wa - ter clear; Fresh leaves from the hedge- rows reach,

liv- ing crea-ture seems a- bout, Wait! Wait! Wait!
What a store of good things near; Wait! Wait! Wait!

A rus-tle we can hear, Bun-nies from their holes do run. Point their
But their sharp ears hear a sound, Is there time to skip a- way? Yes! they're

ears then leap-ing forth, Fro-lic gai- ly in the sun.
off to seek their homes, Bun-ny friends, good- day, good- day.

Snowdrops.

(Accompaniment sketched in from memory only.)

Words by Annie Matheson.

'Where are the snow-drops?' said the sun 'Dead,' said the frost,

'Bur- ied and lost, ev'- ry one!' 'A fool- ish an- swer;'

said the sun, 'They did not die, A- sleep they lie

Ev'- ry one And I will wake them, I the sun,

In- to the light All clad in white, Ev'- ry one!' 'It's

ra- ther dark in the earth to-day' Said one lit-tle bulb to his

bro- ther, But I thought that I felt a - - sun-beam ray, We must

strive and grow till we find the way!' And they nestled close to each

oth - er. So they strug-gled and toil'd by day and by night, Till

two lit- tle snow-drops in green and white, Rose out of the dark-ness

in- to the light, And soft- ly . . kiss'd one an- oth- er.

Little Beam of Rosy Light.

Child's Morning Song.

Quietly.

Lit- tle beam of ro-sy light Who has made you shine so bright?

'Tis our Fa- ther; Lit-tle bird with golden wing Who has taught you

Strongly & Joyously

all to sing? 'Tis our Fa- ther. 'Tis our Fa- ther-

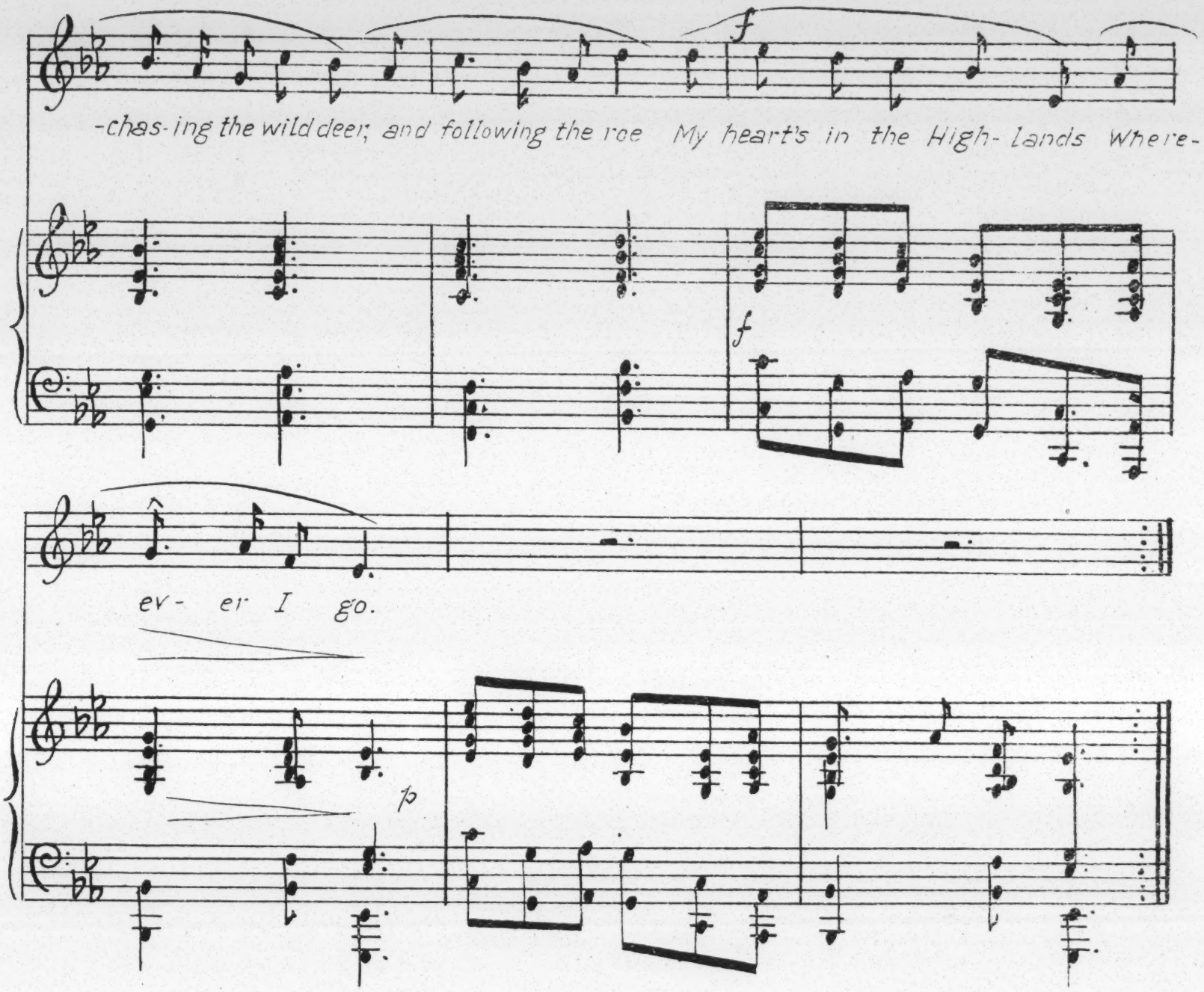
God a- bove, Who hath made.. us.. He is love.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

To go with a swing. *Words by* Robert Burns.

p *p* *mf*

My heart's in the Highland's, My heart is not here, My

heart's in the High- land's A - chas- ing the deer; A -

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North
The birth place of valour; the country of worth.
Wherever I wander; wherever I rove-
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer-
Chasing the wild deer; and following the roe-
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

To Blossoms.

Andante con moto

Words by Robert Herrick.

p

Fair pledges of a fruit- ful tree, Why do ye fall so

p *p*

pf

fast? Your date is.. not so past, your date is not so past But

ff

f

you may stay yet.. here a- while To blush... and gent-ly

smile . . . And go at last. What were ye, were ye

born to be An.. hour or half's de- light; And so to.. bid good-

-night? And so to bid good- night? 'Twas pit- y na- ture

brought ye forth Mere- ly to show your worth, . . . And

lose you quite. But you are love-ly leaves, where we may

ped. * ped. *

read How soon things have their end Though ne'er so brave.

f pp

p

And af- ter they have shown their pride, Like you, . . . like you a-

pp

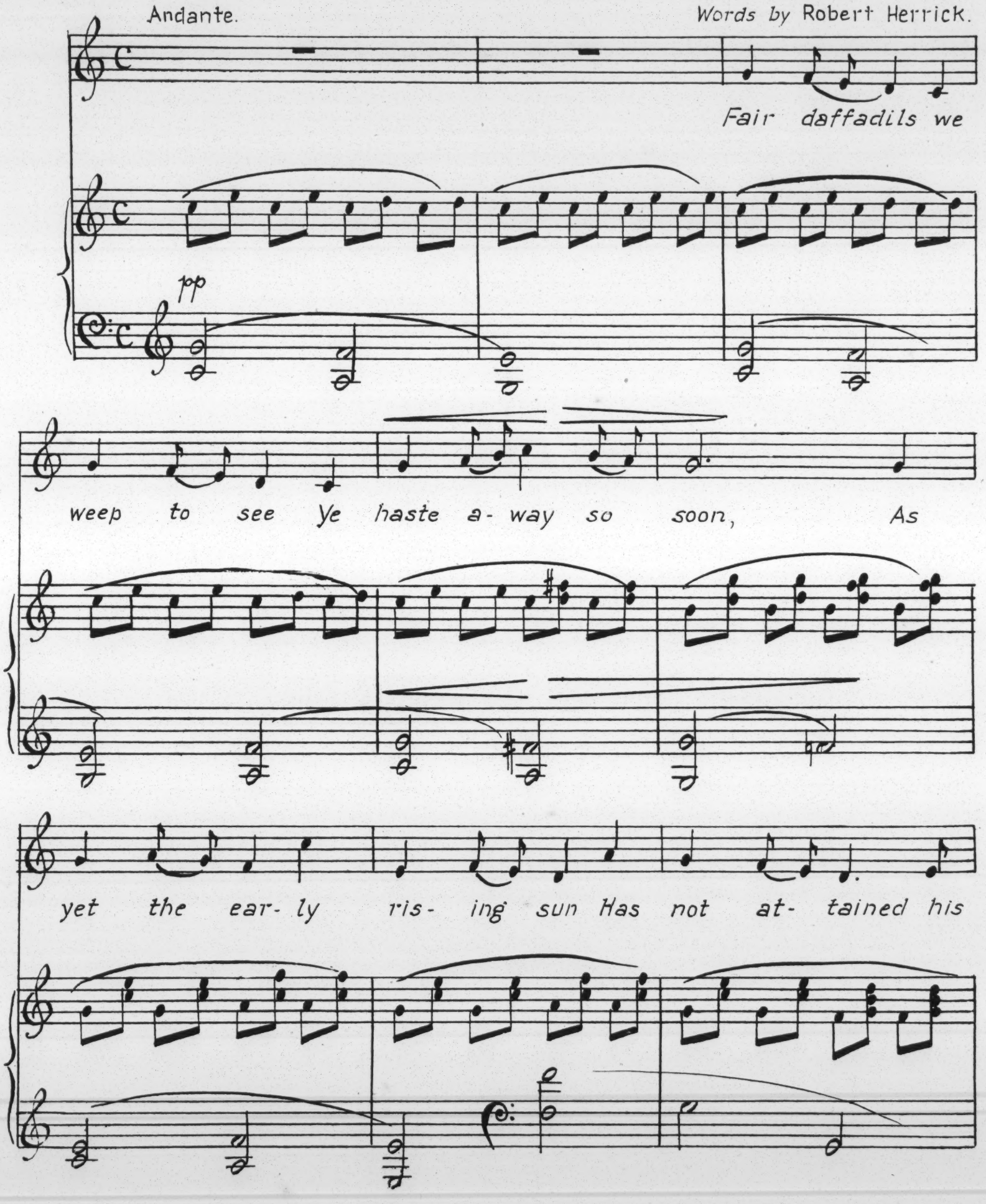
pp

while . . . . They glide in- to the grave.

pp

"Daffadils" *

Andante.

Words by Robert Herrick.

* See mode of spelling "English Poets" T. H. Ward. Vol. II.

noon. Stay, Stay un-til the hast-ing day has run

p

But to the ev-en-song, And, having pray'd to-ge-ther we Will go with you a-

-long

mf

We have short time to stay as you, We

have as short a Spring, As quick a growth to

meet de- cay As you or a- ny- thing. We die, We die As

your hours do, and dry a- way. Like to the Sum-mer's rain

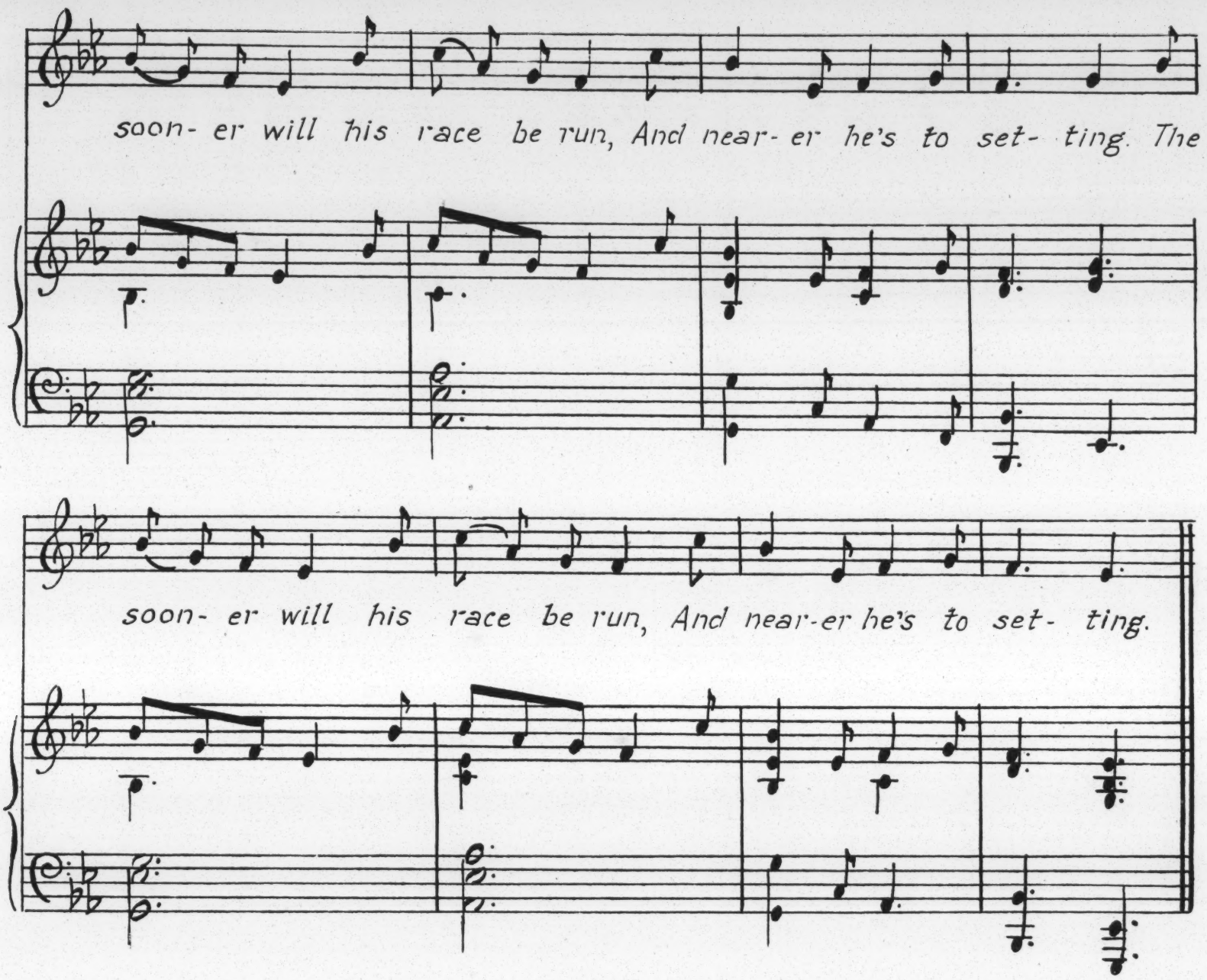
Or as the pearls of morn- ing's dew Ne'er to be found a-

- gain.

Gather ye Rosebuds.

Words by Robert Herrick.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may, Old Time is still a- fly- ing. And that same flower that smiles to-day To-mor- row will be dy - - - - - - - ing. The glor-i- nus lamp of heav'n, the sun The high-er he's a get- ting, The



That age is best which is the first
When youth and blood are warmer.
But being spent the worse and worst,
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time
And while ye may, go marry;
For having once but lost your prime
You may for ever tarry.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Words by Christopher Marlowe.

Come live with me and be my love; And
And we will sit up- on the rocks . . .

we will all the plea - sures prove That
Seeing the shep- herds feed their flocks By

hills and val- leys, dales and fields, - - -
shal - low riv - ers, to whose falls Me -

(last verse.)

Woods or steep - - y moun - tain yields.
- lo - dious birds . . sing mad - ri - gals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

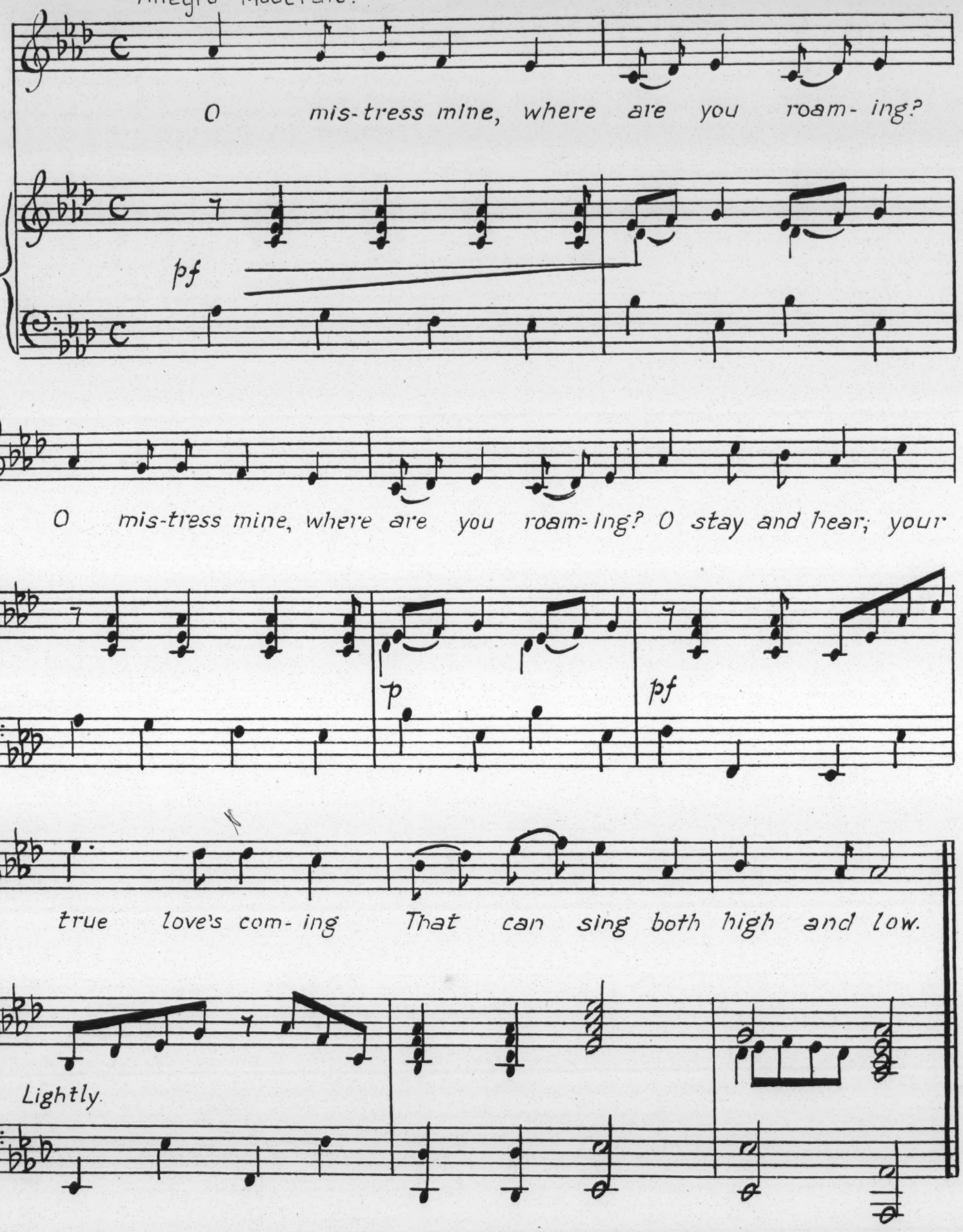
A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

O Mistress Mine.

Words by Shakespeare.

Allegro Moderato.

O mis-tress mine, where are you roam- ing?
pf
O mis-tress mine, where are you roam- ing? O stay and hear; your
p
pf
true love's com- ing That can sing both high and low.
Lightly.

‖: Trip no further, pretty sweeting :‖
Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise man's son doth know.

‖: What is love? 'tis not hereafter :‖
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.

‖: In delay there lies no plenty :‖
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

The Flowering Orchard.

Embroidery Song.

Words by William Morris.

Lo silk- en my gar- den, and silk- en my

sky, And silk- en my ap- ple- boughs hang- ing on high. All

wrought by the worm in the peasant carle's cot, On the

mul- ber- ry leaf- age When Sum- mer was hot!

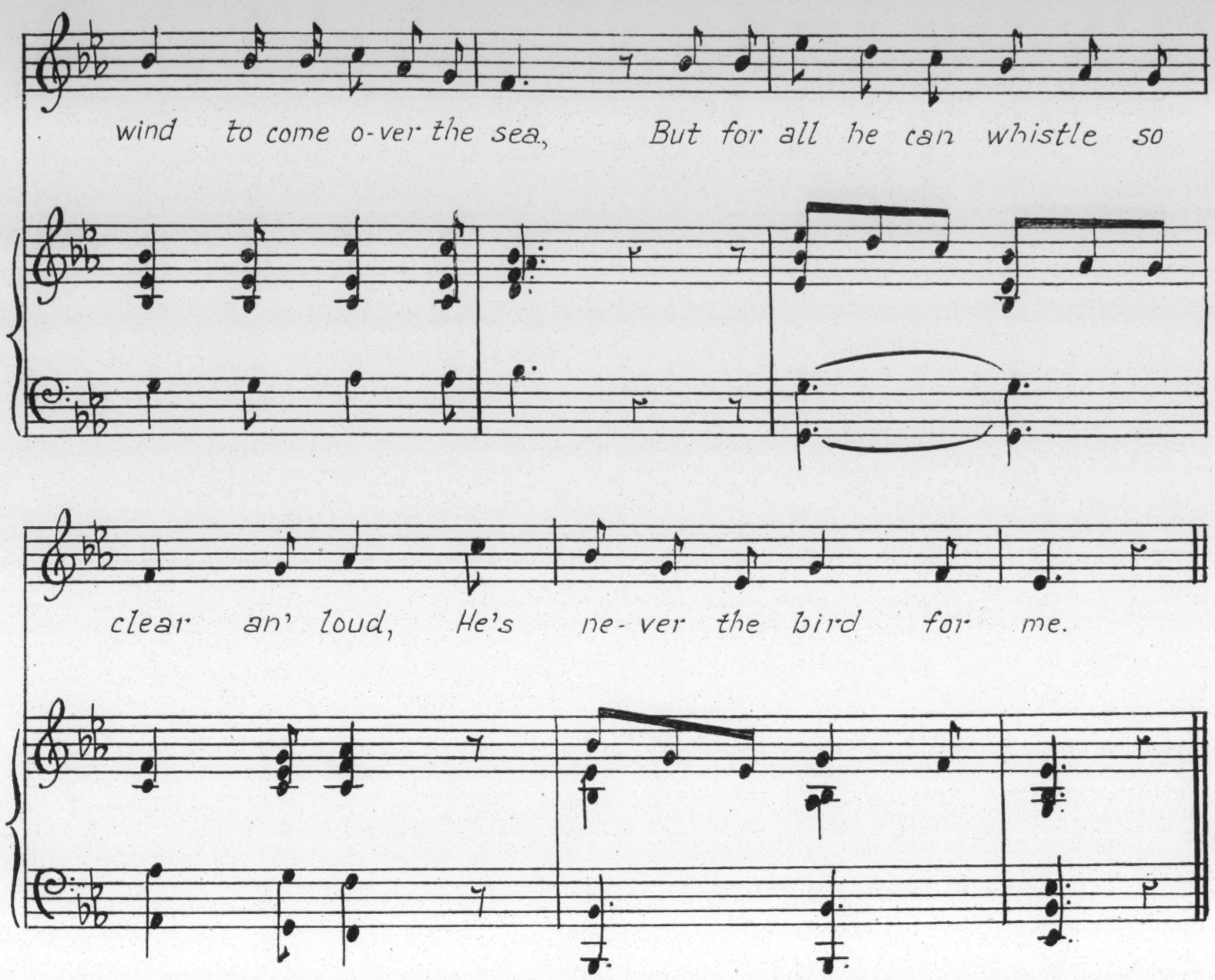
Birds.

Words by Moira O' Neill.
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."

8va

Sure may-be ye've heard the Storm Thrush Whist-lin bould in

March, Be-fore there's a prim-rose peepin' out, Or a wee red cone on the

larch; Whist- lin' the sun to come out o' the cloud, An' the

Sure may-be ye've seen the song-thrush
After an April rain,
Slip from in undher the drippin' leaves
Wishful to sing again;
An' low wi' love when he's near the nest,
An' loud from the top o' the tree,
But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure may-be ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life
An' he tells it the one sweet way.
But my heart is sore at the cushadoo
Filled wid his own soft glee,
Over an' over his "me an' you"
He's never the bird for me.

Sure may-be ye've heard the redbreast
Singin' his lone on a thorn
Mindin' himself o' the clear days lost,
Brave wid his heart forlorn.
The time is in dark November
An' no Spring hopes has he:
"Remember" he sings, "remember"
Ay, thon's the wee bird for me.

A Broken Song.

Words by Moira O'Neill.
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."

Lento.

rall:

pf p pf

'Where am I from?' From the green hills of Er- in. 'Have I no song then?' My

pf p

songs are all sung 'What o' my love?' "'Tis.. a-lone I am far- in."

pf p pf p

p Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

p p

'If she was tall?' Like a

rall. pf

King's own daughter. 'If she was fair?' Like a morn-in' o' May.

Dolce

When she'd come laughing 'twas the run - nin wather; When she'd come blushin' 'Twas the

p più lento

breakin' o' day.

p A tempo

'Where did she dwell?' Where one'st I had my dwell - in?

rall

A tempo

'Who loved her best There' no one now will know. 'Where is she gone?' Och,

rall.

why should I be tell - in'?' Where she is gone There I can never go.

poco più moto

A tempo

rit.

Summer.

Words by Christina Rossetti.

Allegro con spirito.

Leggiero.

f

p

Win- ter is cold- heart-ed,

Spring is yea and nay Autumn is a weather-cock Blown every way.

Sum- mer days for me . . . . . Summer days for me . .

pp

. . . . . When ev'- ry leaf is on its tree, When

f

Rob- in's not a beg - gar, And Jen - ny Wren's a bride, And

cresc:

larks hang singing, sing - ing, sing- ing Ov - er the wheat- fields

wide . . . . . And an- chor'd li -lies ride . . . . . And the

pen - du - lum spider swings from side to side.

Win-ter is cold-heart-ed, Spring is yea and nay,

p Leggiero

Autumn is a weather-cock Blown ev'ry way. Summer days for me . . . . . .

p pp

Summer days for me . . . . . When

pp p pp f

ev'- ry leaf is on its tree.

f

I mind the Day.

Words by Moira O'Neill.
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim"

Andante con moto.

p

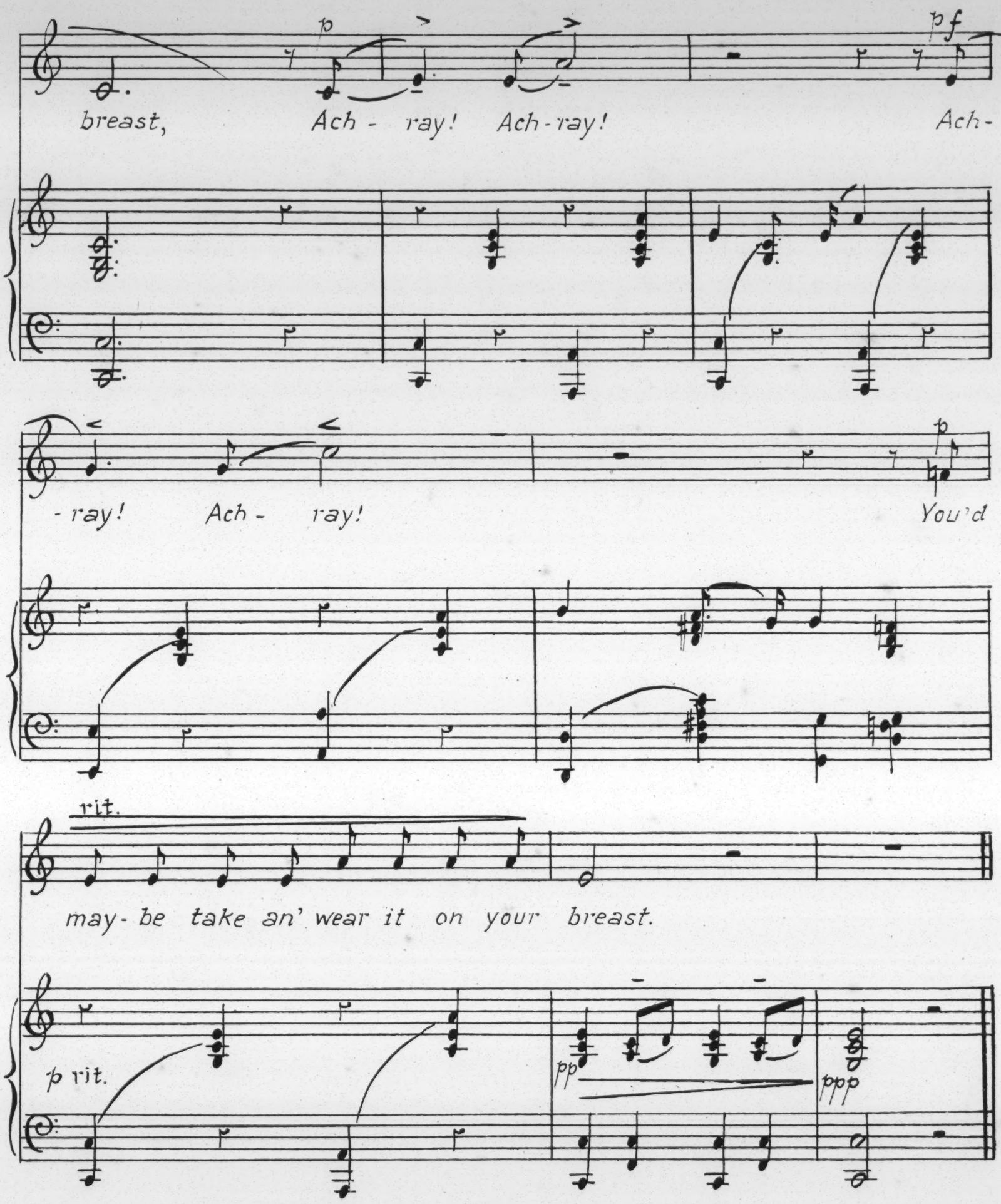
I mind the day I'd wish I was a

p

say-gull fly-in' far; For then I'd fly an' find you in the

West; An' I'd wish I was a lit-tle rose as

ff p

sweet as ros-es are, For then you'd may be wear it on your

I'd wish I could be living near; to love you day an' night,
To let no throuble touch you or annoy;
I'd wish I could be dyin' here to rise a spirit light
If them above 'ud let me bring you joy.
Achray!
If them above 'ud let me win you joy.

An' now I wish no wishes nor ever fall a tear,
Nor take a thought beyont the way. I'm led
I mind the day that's over-by, an' bless the day that's here
There be to come a day when we'll be dead,
Achray!
A longer, lighter day when we'il be dead.

A Dirge.

Words by Christina Rossetti.
(by permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co Ltd the owners of the copyright)

Andante con moto.

pp

Why were you born when the

pp

pp

snow was fall - ing? You should have come to the

cuck- oo's call- ing, Or when grapes are green in the cluster

p

pp

Or, at least, when lithe swal- lows mus- ter For their

rall:

far off flying From Sum- mer dying.

a tempo

pp

rall:

pp

Why did you die when the lambs were crop-ping?

pp

You should have died at the ap- ples' drop - ping

pp

When the grass-hopper comes to trou- ble,

pp

And the wheat-fields are sod- den stubble, And

p

rall:

all winds go sighing For sweet things dy-ing.

pp rall:

Requiescat.

Words by
Matthew Arnold

Very swiftly & smoothly & quietly throughout.

Strew on her ro - ses, ro - ses, And

ne- ver a spray of yew In

qui - et she re- pos - es Ah

would that I did too. Her mirth the world re-

quir- ed She bathed it in smiles of

glee, But her heart was tir- ed, tir- ed, And

now they let her be. Her

life was turn- ing, turn- ing In

ma- zes of heat and sound But for

peace her soul was yearn- ing And

now peace laps her round Her cab- in'd am- ple

spir- it It flut- ter'd and fail'd for

breath, To- night it doth in- her- it The

vas- ty halls of death.

pp

Life's Epitome.

Words by Du Maurier.

A lit- tle work, a lit-tle play To keep us going; And

so- Good-day. A lit- tle warmth, a lit-tle light Of Love's be-stowing, And

so- Good-night. A lit-tle fun to match the sorrow Of each day's growing, And

so- Good-morrow, A lit-tle hope that when we die We reap our sowing. And so- Good-bye.

Song from —

'The Shropshire Lad.'

Words by A. E. Housman.
by permission of the publishers,
Messrs Grant Richards, Ltd.

Andante espressivo.

pf *f*

p

If truth in . . hearts that

f *p* *p*

pf

per- ish Could move the powers on high, I

think the love I bear you Should make you not to

die. Sure, sure, if steadfast mean-ing, If

sin-gle . . thought could save . . . The world might end to-

mor - - row . . . . You should not see the grave.

pf

p

This long and sure-set lik- ing, This

p

bound-less will to please,— Oh, you should live for

f

f

ev- er If there were help in these. But

f

now since all is i - dle, To this lost heart be

Kind, Ere to a town you jour - - ney.. Where

friends are ill to find.

Two Songs

From the Masque "Beauty & the Beast"
published by Messrs Elkin Mathews.

I.

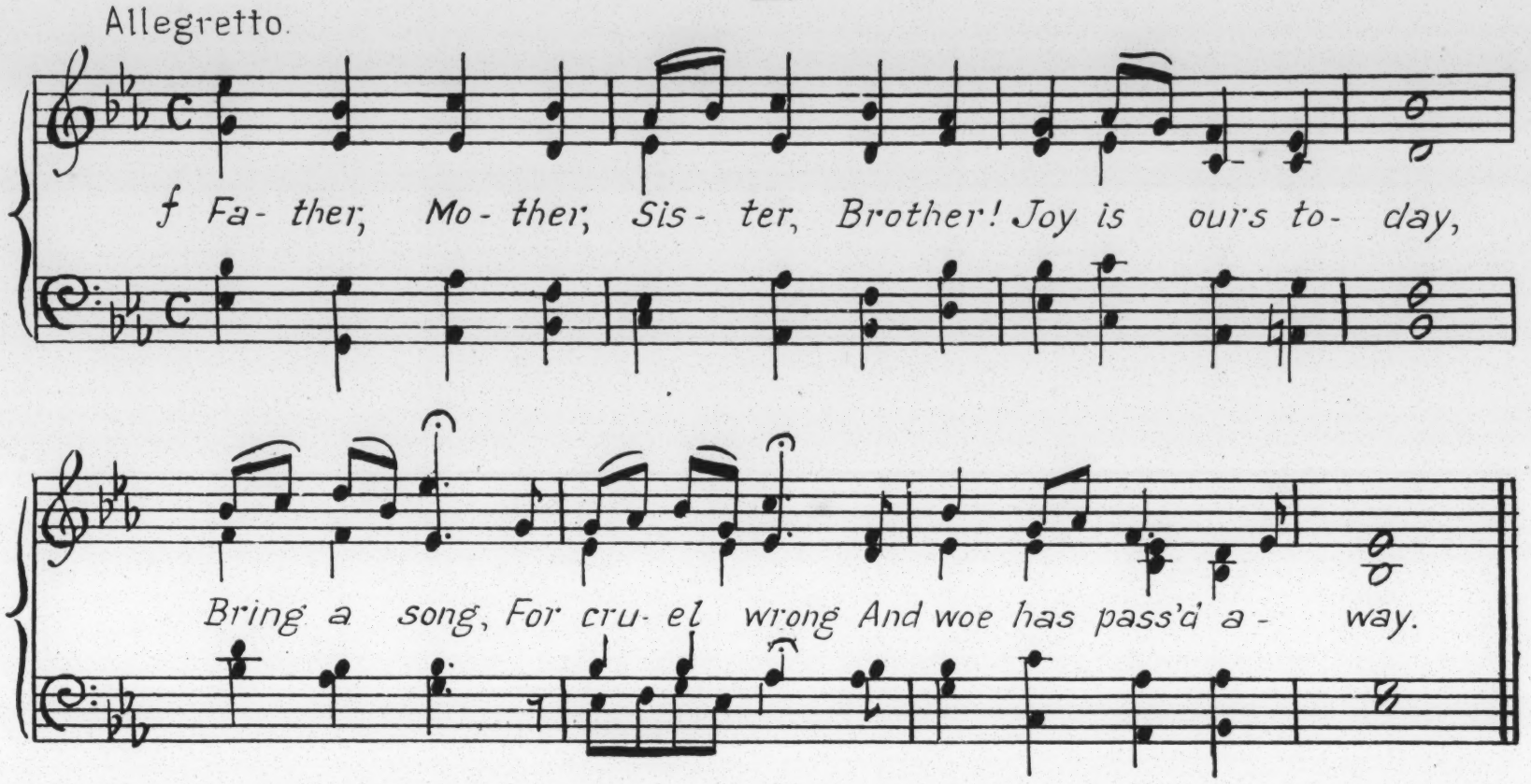
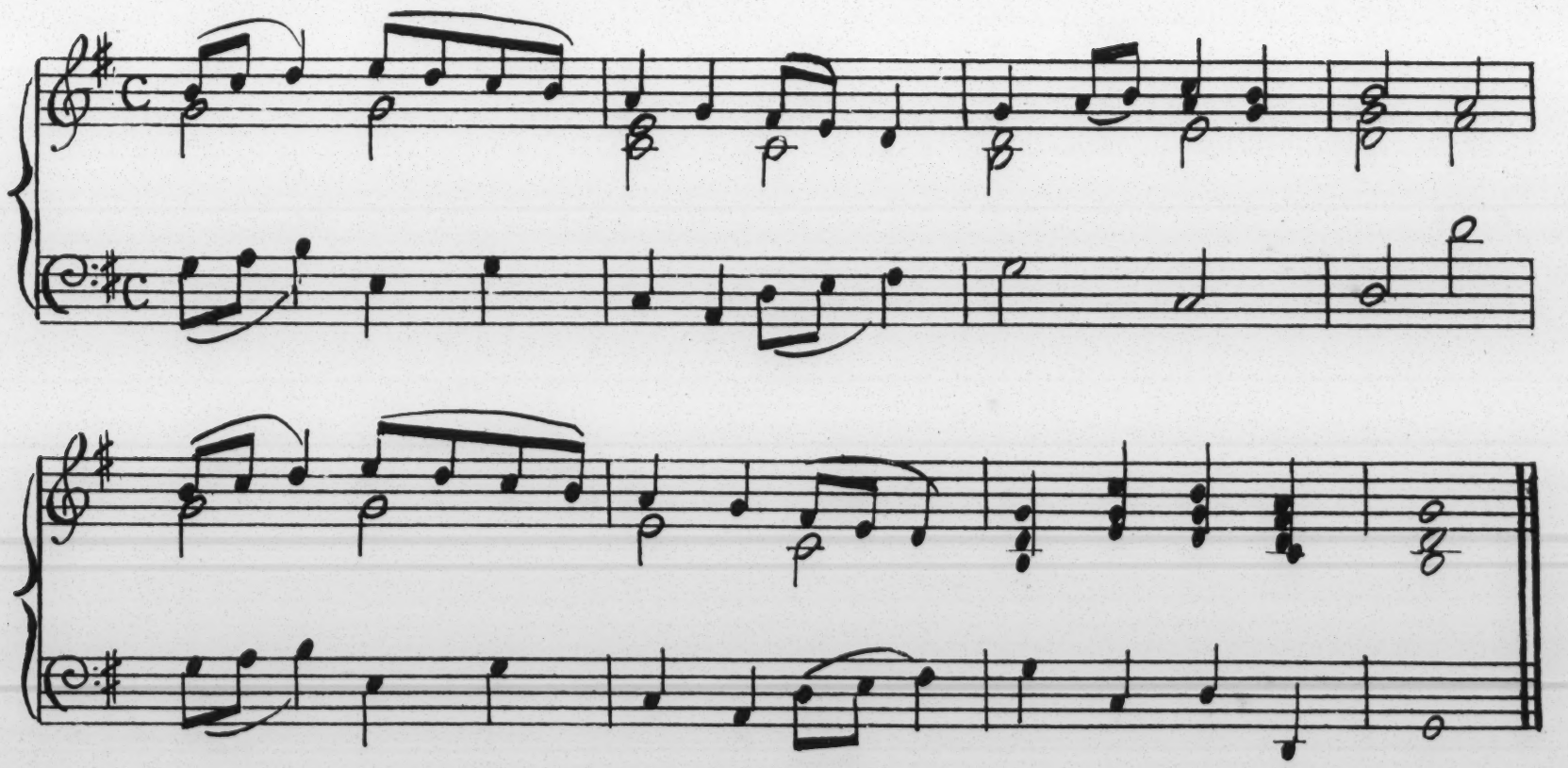
Words by A. M. Buckton.

Cantabile.

Love, sweet Love, stood by me in a dream! His face I could not see; He kiss'd his hands to me, Crying, Be-
Love, sweet Love, Let me do no mis- take! Check me with sud- den tears; Prick me with thorny fears, Where I should

-ware! . . . . Be- ware! . . . . Dear Heart of Care! . . . . The things of Joy are not the things that seem!
go, ... should go, ... So I but know . . . . And see thee, look- ing on thee when I wake!

II.

Allegretto.

Little Refrain in Morality Play.

Tulip Flames.

Words by A. M. Buckton.
(from "Through Human Eyes"
published by Messrs Elkin Mathews.)

Not too fast.

Tulip flames in all my border stand a- row, Tulips red their

goblets lifting all a- glow. Tulips pale as heart a-flaming burn-ing

slow! Sa- cri- fi- cial in my garden They to me Speak of all the fulness

p mf

offered unto Thee, ... Waiting, till one day thou careless Turn and see!

Alas, how easily things go wrong!

Accompaniment supplied from memory.

Words by George Macdonald.
(Part of the Ballad of Sir Aglovaile in "Phantastes")

A - las, how eas- i - ly things go wrong! how

eas- i - ly things go wrong! A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,

or - - - a Kiss too long, And there follows a mist and a

weep - ing rain, And life is never the same a-gain, And life . . . is

ne- ver,... is ne - ver... the same ... a - gain. A-

las, how eas- i - ly things go wrong, how eas- i - ly things go

wrong! A - las, how hard- ly things go right, how

hard- ly things go right ... 'Tis hard to watch in a sum- mer night,

in - - - a sum- mer night, For the sigh will come and the

Kiss will stay, And the summer night is a win-ter day, And the sum - - - mer

night, the sum- mer night... is a win- ter day. A-

las how hard- ly things go right, how hard- ly things go right!

We grown old.

Words by Theodosia Garrison.

Andante.

p

I who yes-ter-day was young, Now am old in-stead;

Dolce.

p

p

pf

All of youth a glad song sung, All a sto- ry said.

p

It was love that sang the song, Love the sto- ry told,

f

p

rall: - - - - - - - - - - - - a tempo

Ah, but we re-mem-ber long– We grown old.

p

p

Only yesterday I quaffed
Life's enkindling wine,
Only yesterday I laughed
Youth's light laugh divine.

It was love that played the host,
Brimmed the cup of gold,
Ah, but we remember most,
We grown old.

Only yesterday my eyes
Held youth's marvellings,
Nay, it is not Time that flies,
Love alone has wings.

Time plods slow in very truth,
Love, what man may hold?
Ah, we know who spoiled our youth
We grown old.

Carpe Diem.

Words by Oliver W. F. Lodge.

Andante.

When youth's last hour has struck and
Will then our story seem so

p

vain . . . is all your beau - - - ty, and my pain, . . . When our last chance . . . of joy is
wise . . . as now it doth . . . in foolish eyes, . . . Or be with-out . . . a shiver

mf

past . . . Will all be well, . . . will all be well . . . with us at last?
told . . . When Love is dead, . . . when Love is dead . . . and we are old?

mf

p

rall:

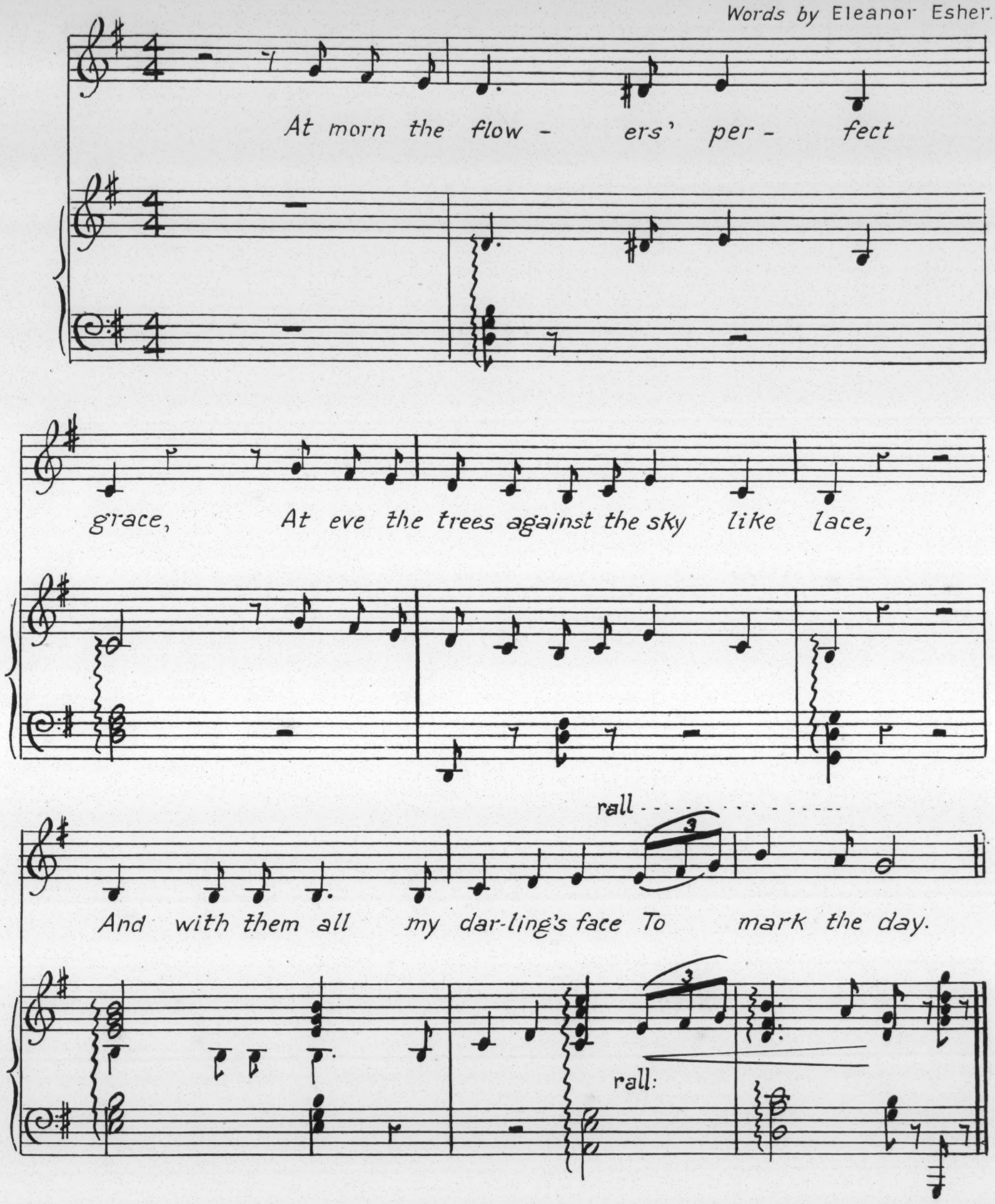
When Love is dead and we are old . . . . . .

rall:

Last June.

(The Day.)

(M.N.W's accompaniment could not be found. Its outlines are indicated from memory.)

Words by Eleanor Esher.

At morn the flow - ers' per - fect
grace, At eve the trees against the sky like lace,
rall
And with them all my dar-ling's face To mark the day.
rall:

At morn the hayfields scent the land,
At eve sing nightingales in brilliant band,
And with them all my darling's hand
To mark the day.

At morn sweet hours of radiant bliss,
At eve we say, "Was ever dream like this?"
For with it all my darling's kiss.
Has marked the day.

The Last Hope.

[Onlie our dremes are trew.]

Words by Rose Sidgwick.

A la- dye sat a- neath a tree A wil- we

tree soe grene and gay, Ful oft she sighed right pit-ous-

-ly And wep- ing seyde: Ah wel- a- day.

My love fro me is hente a- way: I slept, and

dremed to him I flew, As dreming still of me he

lay. On- lie our dremes are trew.

Briddes that maken melodie
Be silent now, I do you pray:
You hertës bold in woodland free,
No more to you your does shal stray
O wilwe tree. with levës grey
Grant me awhile to wepe with you
Til slepe ageyn my wound allay.
Onlie our dremes are trew.

But, cruel Slepe, thou mockest me
Sin with him I may never stay
O Slepe, I will han non of thee
To gentil Deth I wend my way.
For onlie he can sorwes slay
Our dayes are yvel, many or few
Ne longer I ne wolde ne may.
Onlie our dremes are trew.

Dere Deth, who takest tendirly
Lyk litel babes forspent with play,
Us men, who come ful redily
Thy face shal never me affray;
Who dost upon our wrecched clay
Unending dremes like roses strew.
They swetest slepe who slepe alway.
Onlie our dremes are trew.

The West Wind.

(Composed to Big Ben Chimes.)

Words by M.N.W.

O soft west wind! O wild west wind!
O glad west wind! O reck - less wind!

Blow o'er the rip'- ning corn . . . . . Bear-ing a mes-sage of
Dance o'er the sun - lit sea . . . . . Move o'er the wa- ters of

harvest to come - - In-to a heart for- lorn . . . . .
life and death, Thou won-der-ful mys- te- ry . . . . . Thou

In - to a heart for- lorn . . . . . .
won- der- ful mys- te - ry . . . . . .

O sad west wind,
O mournful wind
Under the full- orb'd moon
Bearing me voices from souls beyond
Voices that die too soon.

O kind west wind,
O stern west wind
Passing swift through the night
My spirit is borne along with thee
To the Eastern line- and <u>light</u>.

The Night has a Thousand Eyes.

Words by F. W. Bourdillon.

The

Night has a thousand eyes, The Day but one.

Yet the light of a whole world dies with the setting sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes, The heart but one.

Yet the light of a whole life

dies, . . . The light of a whole life

dies . . . When Love is done, When

Love is done . . . . . .

To the Blackbird.

("Vespers.")

(Accompaniment from memory.

Words by T. E. Brown.

By permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co. Ltd. the owners of the Copyright.

O Black - bird what a

boy you are! How you do go it!

Blowing your bu - gle

to that one sweet star— How you do blow it!

And does she hear you,

Black - bird boy, so far? Or is it wast - ed

breath? "Good Lord! She is so bright To-

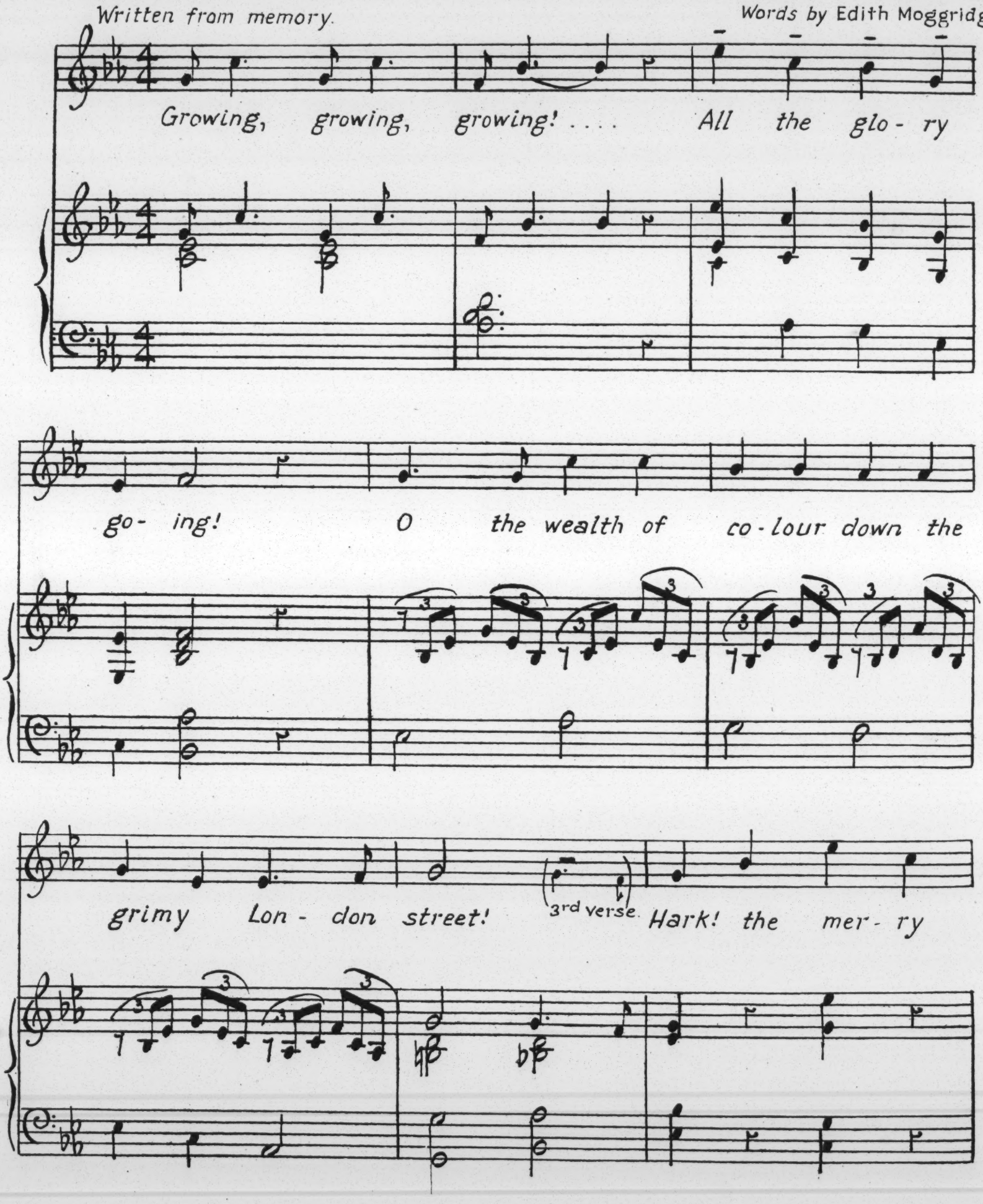
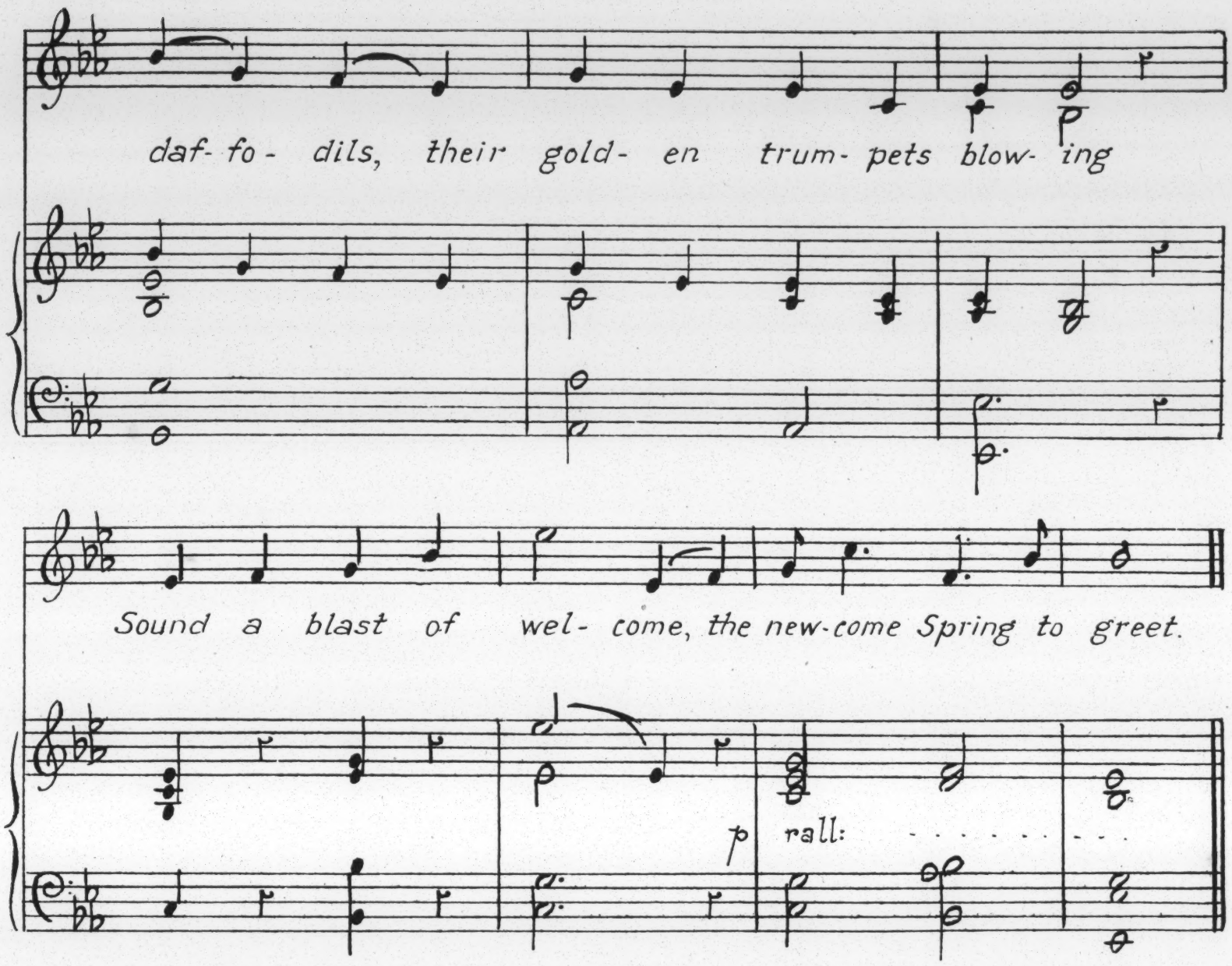
accel:

-night!" The Black- bird saith.

a tempo

"Growing, Growing, Growing!"

68. *"Now the black Trees in the Regent's Park opposite are beginning to show green Buds: and Men come by with great Baskets of Flowers .... calling as they go, 'Growing, Growing Growing! All the Glory going!'"* — Fitzgerald: *Letters.*

Written from memory. Words by Edith Moggridge.

Growing, growing, growing! All the glory going!
Delicate anemones from the woods I bring
Glory of the garden too, tulips proudly glowing;
Primroses and violets: all the buds of Spring

Growing, growing, growing! All the glory going!
Passing and returning with the passing of the hours!
But O the April glory, the Spring flowers all a-blowing,
Is a glory like none other: then come buy my April flowers!

A Rondeau.

Words by Edith Moggridge.
(trans: from Charles of Orleans.)

The Year has put his cloak a- way Of cold and rain and

mis- er- y, And deck'd himself in broider - y, Of laughing sunshine,

bright and gay, Each bird and beast - - sings

round- e - lay in his own tongue right joy- ous- ly. The

Year has put his cloak a- way. Of cold and rain and

mis- er- y.

Riv - er and brook and spring to- day Are

wear- ing spark- ling liv - er- y,

Spang- led with sil- ver jew - elle - ry.

All things are clad in fresh ar - ray . . . . The

Year has put his cloak a - way.

IN MEMORIAM

MABEL WOODWARD

Died April 26th, 1911.

We say she died to-day, but she is dead
For ever, in all future days and years.
Death has no moment, tis continuous :
All through my life she'll go on being dead.
Nor will she come again to sing, or sit
Beside me on the grass, or talk or read
Or laugh ever, but lie quiet and still
And hidden by the softly growing flowers.

OLIVER W. F. LODGE.

April 26, 1911.

IN MEMORIAM M.N.W.

Why seems this May more fair than ever yet
The fairest of our English months has been ?
On herb and bush why are the blossoms set
So thick they almost hide the lovely green,
When she is gone
Whose soul with May and thrushes was at one ?

She sleeps indeed after long painful strife—
Body too frail for all too fair a soul ;—
Too swiftly burnt the flame that was her life,
Too ardent-white : and she has reached life's goal.
But Earth, dear Earth,
Surely unseasonable is this thy mirth.

Why, mighty Mother, dost thou thus rejoice,
Her joy and grief being lulled asleep by death ?
Why do thy birds so sing, now that her voice
Has vanished with the fluttering, fleeting breath ?
"Fond child, I bring
This wealth of flowers to her burying.

"Her slender body held in compass small
The garnered sweetness of the summer's roses ;
Her inward beauty more ethereal
Seemed than that green the sunset sky discloses ;—
From her free spirit
My fairest flowers new fragrance do inherit."

EDITH MOGGRIDGE.

M. N. W.

She is not surely dead: they pass who die,
She passes not but lives continually
In airiest music cradling sweetest song
Where we can meet her radiant spirit still.

J. H. M.

A limited number of additional copies
can be obtained by applying
to the printers.